

The Adams Sentinel.

A Family Journal—Devoted to Foreign and Domestic News, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Science and Art, Amusement, Advertising, &c. &c.

At \$1.75 per annum, strictly in advance.
\$3.00, if not; \$2.50, if payment is delayed.

ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXTS."—Washington.

VOL. LXIII.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3, 1863.

NO. 13.

Choice Poetry.

FADED AND GONE.

BY MISS S. J. C. WHITELLY.

Faded and gone are the Summer's sweet flowers,
Strewed by the wintry winds o'er the dark
moorland;
Sunlighters, when sunlight stole through the soft
hours,
Down from yon azure their leaves to unfold,
Bright were their beauties when breezes swept on
O'er the blue waters to gather perfume;
Whisperers lovely, now faded and gone!
Slumberers lonely 'mid chillness and gloom!
Oh! but the Spring-time will come o'er the plain
Voicing the whispering blossoms again,
With its soft tread o'er the emerald lawn—
Then we'll not mourn for the faded and gone!

Faded and gone are the ones that we cherished,
Fondly and true, in our bosoms of yore!
Slumbering buds may awake o'er the perished,
Their faded hearts shall unfold here no more!
Sweet is the music that Memory brings,
O'er the oasis of life's early love,
Where the Angel on fluttering wings,
Bearing our lost through the starlight above:
Oh! there's a land where the perished ones
bloom.
Where, though never a shadow of gloom!
Faded and gone are the sweet dreams of childhood,
When we'll not mourn for the faded and gone!

SPIRITS.

"All over doth this outer earth
An inner earth unfold,
And sounds may reach us of its mirth,
O'er its pale of gold.
These spirits dwell—unweeded all
From the stony paths they were;
Though still their plaintive footsteps fall
By the hearts they loved before.
We mark them not nor hear the sound
They make in circling all around.
Their bidding—sweet and voiceless prayer
Float without echo on the air:
Yet often in unweeded places,
Soft sorrow's willow-valley,
We meet them with uncovered faces,
Outside their golden pales.
Yet dim as they must ever be,
Like ships far off and out at sea,
With the sun upon their sails."

Miscellaneous.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was over at last. The sun, which had
walked slow and calm through the long
hours of that terrible day, had gone down
in a column of fire beyond the western
hills, and now the stars were coming out
swiftly, like petals scattered all over an azure
soil.

And the stars looked down on the battle
field, as they had come out and looked down
for scores of years on the fair young land
which had arisen in her strength and beauty,
until amid all the nations there was none
to compare with her—on the great cities
that were hung like jewels on her green bosom—
on the broad harvest field that
waved their tresses for joy through her golden
summers—on the houses, where the
dwellers thereof sat peaceful and happy
under their own vine and fig tree—on all
this had the stars which came up night
by night to the watch towers of the sky, look-
ed, until at last there came a change; and
now where the harvest had waved their
locks in the summer winds, was the most
terrible sight which the sun and stars ever
beheld—the sight of a battle field. The
conflict had raged hot and terrible that day.

The hearts of the dismal mountains had
shuddered with the thunder of cannon, and
the earth drank in blood as in autumn she
drinks in the equinoctial rains; but at last
the day's awful work was done, and the
night winds lifted the grey banners of
sorrow, from the battle field.

The air was full of the heat and smell of
powder; the dead lay thick together, with
stark ghastly faces, on the trampled grass
the wounded lay thicker, filling their air with
moans—riderless horses rushing terrified
over the field, and the dying daylight, of
the solemn stars watching over all. A little
way from the battle field was a small
stream, making a blue fold in the dark
grass, and two men had crawled to its
banks to quench their thirst.

And when the two men crawling along
the bank looked up and met each others
faces, they knew they were enemies, and
they knew too, that a few hours ago each
had aimed his rifle at the other, and that
each had caused a ghastly wound a little
way from the heart, which had drunk the
life blood of each, and each had glared
desperately on his adversary a moment before
he fell.

But there was no fierceness in the eyes
of those men now, as they sat face to face
on the bank of the stream, the strife and
the anger all gone now, and they sat still
and looked at each other. At last one of
them spoke—

"We have neither a chance to hold out
much longer, I judge?"

"No," said the other with a mixture of
sadness and recklessness. "You did that
last job of yours well, as that bears witness,"
and he pointed to a wound a little
way from his heart, from which the life
blood was slowly oozing.

"No better than did yours," answered
the other with a grim smile, as he pointed
to a wound a little higher up, larger and
more ragged—a deadly one.

And then the two men gazed each again
in the dim light, for the moon had come
out from the hills now, and stood among
the stars like a pearl of great price. As they
looked, a softer feeling stole over the heart
of each toward his fallen foe; a feeling of
pity for the strong, manly life laid low, a
feeling of regret for that inexorable neces-
sity of war, which made each man the slay-
er of the other; and at last one spoke—

"There's some folks in the world that
feel worse, I s'pose, because you have gone
out of it?"

A spasm of pain was on the bronzed,
ghostly features.

"Yes," said the man, in thick tones—
"There's one woman with a little boy and
girl, away up among the New Hampshire
mountains, that it'll well nigh kill to hear
of this," and then the man groined on in
bitter anguish, "Oh, God, have pity on my
wife and children!"

And the other drew closer to him.

"And away down in the cotton fields of
Georgia, there's a woman and a little girl,
whose hearts will break when they hear
what this day has done," and then the cry
wrung itself sharply out of his heart, "Oh,
God, have pity on them!"

And from that time on the Northerner
and the Southerner ceased to be foes. The
thoughts of those distant homes on whom
the anguish was soon to fall, drew them
close together in their last hour, and the
two men went like little children. And at
last the Northerner spoke, talking more to
himself than anything else, and he did not
know that the other was listening greedily
to every word.

"She used to come—my little girl—bless
her heart! every night to meet me when I
came home from the fields; and she would
stand under the great plum tree, that's just
beyond the back door at home, with the
sunlight making a yellow crown on her golden
curls, and the laugh dancing in her eyes
when she heard the click of the gate. I
see her there now, and I'd take her in my
arms and she'd stick up her little red lips
for a kiss; but my little girl will never
watch under the old plum tree by the well
for her father again. I shall never hear the
cry of joy as she catches a glimpse of me
at the gate—I shall never see her little
feet running over the grass to spring into
my arms again."

"And," said the Southerner, "there's a
little brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, that
used to watch in the cool afternoons for her
father when he rode in from his visit to the
plantation—I can see her little face shin-
ing out now from the roses that covered the
pillars, and her shout of joy as I bounded
from my horse and chased the little flying
feet and the loud laugh up and down the
veranda. But my darling, your bright lit-
tle face will grow pale with watching among
the roses for your father, and you
and he will never go laughing and romping
up the old veranda again!"

And the Northerner drew near to the
Southerner, and the hot tears stood on his
cold cheeks, as he said:

"May God have pity on our fatherless
children!"

"Amen!" said the Southerner, fervently.

And the Northerner spoke in a husky
whisper, for the eyes of the dying men
were glassing fast—

"We have fought together like brave
men. We are going before our God in a
little while. Let us forgive each other."

The Southerner tried to speak, but the
sound died away in a gurgle from his white
lips; but he took the hand of his fallen foe,
and his stiffened fingers closed tight over
it and his last look was one of forgiveness
and peace. And when the next morning's
sun walked up the grey stairs of the dawn,
touched with pink, it looked down and saw
the two foes lying dead with their hands
clasped in each other, by the stream which
ran by the battle field.

And the little girl with golden hair that
watched under the plum tree among the
hills of New Hampshire, and the little girl
with bright, brown hair, that waited by the
roses among the green plains of Georgia,
were fatherless.

"Conscience Makes Cowards of us All."
A few nights since a boy chimney sweep-
er making his rounds in the country, called
at a farm-house near Shippensburg, but it
not being convenient to employ him till the
following morning, the farmer informed him
he might if he thought proper, sleep in
his barn, which he readily agreed to. He
accordingly made himself a comfortable bed
among the straw, and consigned him-
self to the arms of Morpheus. Some time
in the night he was awakened by two men
entering the barn with a lantern and candle,
and each of them had a sack. He immedi-
ately supposing they were not about their
lawful business, lay still to watch their mo-
tions, when they began to consult how they
might place the light, till they had killed
their sacks from the corn crib. Seeing
that they were at a loss how to proceed, the
chimney sweep crept softly from his couch,
and with an audible voice, said, "Gentle-
men, I'll hold the candle." Turning sud-
denly, they beheld the knight of the brush,
in his sable robes, and supposing him to be
a messenger from the infernal regions,
threw down their sacks and lanterns and
immediately skedaddled.

"Make the most of yourself, your tal-
ents and opportunities, wasting no idle
breath or empty sighs on what you might
have been under kinder auspices. If your
maker had thought any other talents or
opportunities better for you, he would have
given them to you."

THURTE.—A man wished a landlady to
reduce his board, because he had two teeth
extracted and could not eat so much.

A Word About Dress.
One of the gravest mistakes in our dress
is the very thin covering of our arms and
legs. No physiologist can doubt that the
extremities require as much covering as the
body. A fruitful source of disease; of
congestion in the head, chest, and abdo-
men, is found in the nakedness of the arms
and legs, which prevents a fair distribution
of the blood.

A young lady has just asked me what
she can do for her very thin arms. She
says she is ashamed of them. I felt that
through the thin lace covering, and I
found them freezing cold. I asked her
what she supposed would make muscles
grow. "Exercise," she replied. "Certainly,
but exercise makes them grow only by
giving them more blood. Six months of
vigorous exercise would do less to give
them naked, cold arms circulation, than
would one month, were they warmly clad."

The value of exercise depends upon the
temperature of the muscles. A cold gymna-
sium is unprofitable. Its temperature
should be between sixty and seventy, or
the limbs should be warmly clothed. I
know that our servant girls and black-
smiths, by constant and vigorous exercise,
acquire large, fine arms, in spite of their
nakedness. And if young ladies will labor
as hard from morning till night as do these
useful classes, they may have as fine arms;
but even then it is doubtful if they would
get rid of their congestions in the head,
lungs, and stomach, without more dress
upon the arms and legs.

Perfect health depends upon perfect cir-
culation. Every living thing that has the
latter, has the former. Put your hand
under your dress upon your body. Now
find the body is warmer than the arm, you
have lost the equilibrium of circulation.

The head has too much blood, producing
headache or sense of fullness; or the chest
has too much blood, producing cough, rapid
breathing, pain in the side, or palpitation
of the heart; or the stomach has too much
blood, producing indigestion; or the liver
has too much blood, producing some dis-
turbance; or the bowels have too much
blood, producing constipation or diarrhea.

Any or all of these difficulties are tem-
porarily relieved by immersion of the feet or
hands in hot water, and they are perma-
nently relieved by such dress and exercise
of the extremities as will make the equi-
librium permanent.

Again I say the extremities require as
much clothing as the body. Women should
dress their arms and legs with one or two
thicknesses of knit woolen garments which
fit them. The absurdity of loose flowing
sleeves and wide spread skirts, I will not
discuss.

Do you ask why the arms and legs may
not become accustomed to exposure like
the face. I answer, God has provided the
face with an immense circulation, because
it must be exposed.

A distinguished physician of Paris de-
clared, just before his death, "I believe
that during the twenty-six years I have
practised my profession in this city, twenty
thousand children have been borne to the
cemetaries, a sacrifice to the absurd cus-
tom of naked arms." When in Harvard
many years ago, I heard the distinguished
Dr. J. C. Warren say, "Boston sacrifices
five hundred babies every year, by not cloth-
ing their arms." Those little arms
should have thick, knit, woolen, warm
sleeves extending from the shoulder to the
hand.—*Dr. Lewis, M. D.*

Wood Paper.
Several editions of the Boston Journal
have recently been printed on paper made
of wood with a small addition of linen stock,
and the Journal states that the experiment
has proved entirely successful; the paper
being of excellent quality and consistency,
working well, and actually requiring less ink
than the ordinary paper made from rags.
The Journal is confident that printing pa-
per of excellent quality can be made from
wood at much less cost than from rags.

The wood paper is fully equal to, if not
better than the paper ordinarily used by
newspapers, and the cost of manufacture is
much less, although it, of course, commands
the same price as rag paper of equal quality.
It is made under Letters Patent No. 608,
granted on the 5th day of October, 1858,
to Wm. P. Ladd, of New York, and Morris
J. Keen, of Philadelphia (as the assignees
of Watt & Burgess, of London, England),
for an improvement in the Manufacture of
Paper from Wood; and "Letters Patent
No. 25,418, granted on the 13th day of
September, 1859, to Morris J. Keen, of
Bayers Ford, Pa., for an improvement in
Boilers for making Paper Pulp from Wood."

Several gentlemen largely interested in
the manufacture of paper, including the
publisher of the Journal, lately visited the
mill at Bayers Ford, Pennsylvania, where
the manufacture of wood has been success-
fully tested. The gentlemen were so well
satisfied with the quality of the paper that
the publisher of the Journal would be glad
to secure a full supply at the current rates
paid for rags, did the productive capacity
of the mill equal the consumption of his
paper. It is proposed by James Carson,
Jr., who is largely interested in the patent
of \$1,000,000 for the manufacture of this
paper upon a large scale.

Why Children Die.—I have seen per-
sons gather for their parlors the choicest
flowers, just as they begin to open into full
bloom and fragrance, lest some passer-by
should tear them from the bush and destroy
them. Does not God sometimes gather
young and innocent children into heaven
for the same reason—lest some rude hand
should despoil them of their beauty?

Singular Incident—A Friendly Inter-
view Between Pickets.
Our correspondent T., writing from the
Ninth Army Corps, opposite Fredericks-
burg, narrates the following, which occur-
red on Christmas day, while the writer was
out on picket with his company:

After partaking of a Christmas dinner
of salt junk and hard tack, our attention
was attracted by a rebel picket who hailed
us from the opposite side of the river:

"I say, Yank, if a fellow goes over there
will you let him come back again?"

Receiving an affirmative answer, he pro-
ceeded to test the truth of it by paddling
himself across the river. He was decid-
edly the cleanest specimen of a rebel I had
seen. In answer to a question, he said he
belonged to the Georgia Legion. One of
our boys remarked, "I met quite a num-
ber of your boys at South Mountain."

"Yes, I suppose so—if you were there,"
said the rebel, while his face grew very
red. "We left very many of our boys
there. My brother, poor Will, was killed
there. It was a very hot place for a while,
and we had to leave it in a hurry." "That's
so, Georgia, your fellows fought well there,
and had all the advantage, but the Old
Keystone boys were pressing you hard—"
By the way I have a likeness here (taking
it out of his pocket) that I picked up on
the battle field the next morning, and I
have carried it ever since." He handed it
to the rebel, who, on looking at it, pressed
it to his lips, exclaiming "my mother! my
mother!" He exhibited considerable emo-
tion at the recovery of the picture, but on
regarding his composure, he said, that his
brother had it in his possession, and must
have lost it in the fight.

He then asked the name of the one to
whom he was indebted for the lost likeness
of his mother, remarking "There may be
better times soon, and we may know each
other better." He had taken from his
pocket a small pocket bible in which to
write the address, when Alex., who
had taken no part in the conversation, fair-
ly yelled, "I know that book! I lost it at
Ball Run!" That's what I got it, Mr.
Yank," said the rebel, and he handed it
to Alex. "I am much obliged to you,
Georgia Legion, for I wouldn't part with
it for all the Southern Confederacy." I
was a little curious to know something
further of the book, so I asked Alex. to
let me see it. He passed it to me. I open-
ed it, and on the fly leaf saw written in a
neat lady's hand: "My Christmas Gift to
Alex., Dec. 25th, 1860. Ellen."

"Well, Alex," said I, "it is not often
one has the same gift presented to him a sec-
ond time." "True, Captain; and if I
could but see the giver of that to-day,
there's but one other gift that I would
want." "What's that, Alex?" "This re-
bellion played out, and my discharge in my
pocket."

The boys had all been busily talking to
our rebel friend, who, seeing a horseman
approaching in the direction of his post,
bid us a hasty good-bye, and made as quick
a trip as possible across the Rappahannock.
Night came on, and those not on duty lay
down on the frozen ground, to dream of
other Christmas nights, when we knew not
war.

"We heard a 'good one,' at Harris-
burg, the other day, in which a former
Senator from Berks county was the 'hero.'
A few winters ago, while the Legislature
was in session, the small pox became un-
pleasantly prevalent at the capital, causing
considerable alarm among the Senators. One
morning the Senator referred to came to a
friend in a state of great excitement, and
said—

"I think I will get my things ready and
go home; I don't want to do small pox," and
he started for his room at a brisk pace. In
the course of an hour he again met his
friend, and his excitement had evidently
subsided. On astonishment being ex-
pressed at seeing him still in Harrisburg, he
said with great complacency, "Oh, since I
came to think about it I had do small pox
once, and we don't get him twice."

"But," said a gentleman present, "I knew
a man to have it three times; and he died
from it."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the Senator.
His alarm returning, "and which time of
it he died?" and the Senator re-packed his
trunk and went home to Berks.

RUSSELL AND THE GERMAN.—Russell,
in his diary, gives the following account of
a reception he got at the hands of a Ger-
man soldier: "On the 1st of September a
dirty German soldier called out from the
parapet of an earthwork, over the Long
Bridge, 'Pull Run Russell, and at the same
time cocked his piece and levelled it. Rus-
sell immediately rode around into the fort,
the fellow still presenting his firelock, and
called him what he meant, at the same time
who came at once, and at his request arrest-
ed the man, who recovered arms and said,
'It was a mistake; I want to freeken Ball
Run Russell.' As the man's rifle was
capped and loaded, and on full cock, Rus-
sell did not see the fun of the proceeding
so clearly, and urged an investigation into
his conduct, which he did not, however,
think it necessary to pursue."

One of the Pike county boys at
Louisiana, Mo., found an old darkey in the
woods, who had heard that Secession prop-
erty was to be confiscated, and therefore
commenced by executing the order himself.
He surrendered to the invader, and gave
a history of himself, concluding by saying:
"Gorry, mass, I'll brack your boots, brush
your clo'se, bring your water—do anything
you want me, if you'll only confiscate de
ole 'oman."

Marriage of the Prince of Wales.
Her Majesty having commanded that the
nuptials of his Royal Highness the
Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexan-
dra of Denmark shall be celebrated with
great magnificence, preparations have been
commenced recently by the employees of
the Lord Chamberlain's department at
Windsor Castle with that view. A number
of extra hands have been engaged, and the
work, both in the State apartments and oth-
er parts of the Castle, is making rapid pro-
gress under the superintendence of Mr. W.
Seabrook, her Majesty's inspector, assisted
by Messrs. Miles, Bentley, &c. The State
apartments are being furnished with the su-
perb hangings which were used during the
wedding of the Emperor and Empress of the
French in 1855, and the Zuccarelli room is
undergoing a complete change. The whole
of the furniture, picture-frames, mould-
ings, and the panel frames, are being
richly regilt, while the walls are being hung
with costly Italian silk, six feet in width,
bearing the initials "V. R.," encircled with
a wreath and ornamented with a crown, the
silk being similar to that used in the hang-
ings of the King's Council Chamber, bet-
ter known as the Queen's Drawing Room.
This room contains several beautiful land-
scapes by Zuccarelli, three of them being
Scripture pieces, one representing "Jacob
watering his flock," while the other two,
which are very large, and occupy the whole
of the west wall, represent "Isaac's Meet-
ing," and the "Finding of Moses." It is
expected that this will be used as a draw-
ing room by the King of Hanover, while
other portions of the State apartments will
be appropriated to the use of the Crown
Prince and Princess of Prussia. In other
parts of the Castle suites of apartments are
being fitted up with much care and taste,
especially those which will be occupied by
their Royal Highnesses the Princess and
Prince Christian of Denmark, and other
members of the same royal family, who
will be present at the celebration of the
royal wedding.—*London Star, Jan. 3d.*

BELLS AT PISA.—A writer in the *Notes
and Queries* says: On the top of the fa-
mous campanile at Pisa, better known by
the name of "Leaning Tower," are five
bells; on one of these is the following in-
scription, in Lombardic capital letters,
which has been forwarded by a friend:
"Jotterinus Popis me fecit Corad Hospi-
tularius Solvit, A. D. M. C. C. LXII." There
are some running ornaments, rosettes, &c.,
about the bell, and "Ave Maria, G. P." between two angels, followed by some
other inscription my friend could not make
out. If this date, 1262, be correct, this
must be the oldest bell in the world, unless
there are any Russian bells to contest the
palm of antiquity.

PEONAGE AND SLAVERY IN NEW MEX-
ICO.—The annual message of Governor
Arroy, of New Mexico, shows that the Ter-
ritory is out of debt, with a balance of six-
teen hundred dollars in the treasury. The
Governor devotes a large part of his mes-
sage to the question of peonage, comment-
ing upon the territorial law, which makes
hired laborers on the farm responsible in
their services for any advances of money
or goods to the laborer. New Mexico has
its slavery question in the cases of some
six hundred Indian captives, who are held
as slaves. These are so held under an old
custom of the Mexicans. The Governor
sees difficulties in emancipating them, or
turning them loose, but still advises that
their owners be compensated by the United
States, and that the Indians be returned to
friendly tribes, when they belong to such
tribes, and when not, be disposed of as
Congress in its wisdom may think best.

"This may almost be said to be the
"golden age" for farmers. There has been
no time in the history of our country when
agricultural pursuits were so flourishing for
so long a time as they have been for the
last eight years. The crops have been good
throughout that time, and the prices com-
manded for produce liberal. And even now,
when so many other interests are suffer-
ing on account of the war, the farming
interest does not feel it at all—at least not
to its disadvantage. Grain and other pro-
duce of the farm are higher than we had
any war, and Congress, in passing laws to
raise revenue for carrying on the war, has
sought the means elsewhere than from the
agriculturist. And the Commissioners to
revise the tax-laws of our State, will, it is
said, recommend a large reduction on the
taxes now assessed on real estate. In view
of all these things, may we not properly
call this the "farmers' golden age?"

THE BEAUTIFUL.—Beautiful things are
suggestive of a purer and a higher life,
and fill us with a mingled love and fear.
They have a graciousness that wins us, and
an excellence to which we involuntarily do
reverence. If you are poor, yet modestly
aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table,
and they will help to maintain your
dignity, a self secure for you, consideration
and delicacy of behavior.

The "State of Matrimony" is one of
the United States. It is bounded by a
ring on one side and a cradle on the other.
The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics
of housekeeping, when squally weather
sets in with such power as to keep all hands
as cool as cucumbers. For the principal
roads leading to this interesting state, con-
sult the first pair of blue eyes you run a-
gainst.

One hour lost in the morning will
put back all the business of the day: one
hour gained by rising early will make one
month in the year.

Great London.
It has been ascertained that if we were
to analyze the population of London, and
compare the number of its individuals of
each class, with an ordinary sized town, say
a town with a population of 10,000, we
should find in the vast metropolis as many
persons as would fill two towns with Jews;
ten towns with persons who work on the
Sabbath; fourteen towns with habitual
gin-drinkers; more than ten towns with
persons who are every year intoxicated in
the streets of London; two towns of fallen
women, to say nothing of those who are
partakers of sin; one town with gamblers;
one with children trained in crime; one
with receivers of stolen property; half a
town with Italians; four towns with Ger-
mans; two with French; while there are as
many Irish as would fill the city of Dublin;
and more Roman Catholics than would fill
the city of Rome. Nor is this all. There
are as many publicans and beer and tobacco
shops as would fill two towns of 10,000
each open every Sunday; and if we allow
only twenty-five customers to each place,
as representing the amount of attendance
for the day, we have 800,000 people, say-
ing half a million of men and women thus oc-
cupied, while 334,015 only are attending the
house of God. In London there are 50,000
public houses and beer and tobacco shops
open on Sunday, and only 750 Protestant
churches and chapels for divine worship.

Do Right.
A man who has a soul above a sixpence,
must have enemies. It is utterly impos-
sible for the best man to please the whole
world, and the sooner this is understood
and a position taken in view of the fact, the
better. Do right, though you have ene-
mies. You cannot escape them by doing
wrong, and it is little gain to barter away
your honor and integrity, and direct your-
self of moral courage to gain nothing—
"Jetter abide by the truth—frown down all
opposition, and rejoice in the feeling which
must inspire a free and independent man."

COST OF WAR.—From 1683 to 1815,
England was for more than half the time—
sixty-seven years—engaged in war. The
war of the Spanish succession cost over
\$300,000,000 in eleven years; the seven
years' war cost \$560,000,000; our Revolu-
tionary war cost England \$680,000,000;
and that of the French Revolution \$2,320,
000. When at war with Napoleon, from
1803 to 1816, England raised by taxes the
enormous sum of \$3,650,000,000, and by
loans the further sum of \$1,940,000,000—
an average of over \$1,322,000 per day. It
has been said that for ninety days previous
to the battle of Waterloo, she spent an av-
erage of \$5,000,000 per day. The people
of these countries are still overburdened with
taxes—and the poor people have a slim
chance to advance in wealth or position.

There is a beautiful legend illustrat-
ing the blessedness of performing our duty
at whatever cost to our own inclination. A
beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared
to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing
upon it. The hour arrived in which it was
his duty to feed the poor of the convent.
He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the
vision, but left it to perform his humble
duty. When he returned, he found the
blessed vision still waiting for him, and
uttering these words, "Hast thou staid, I
must have fed."

The modest maiden, the prudent
wife, or the careful matron, are much more
serviceable in life than pettecated philoso-
phers, blustering heroes, or virago queens.
She who makes her husband happy, and
reclaims him from vice, is a much greater
character than ladies described in romance,
whose whole occupation is to murder man-
kind with shafts from their quiver or their
eyes.—*Goldsmith.*

A GREAT THING.—A loving heart and
a pleasant countenance are commodities
which a man should never fail to take home
with him. They will best season his food
and soften his pillow. It were a great thing
for a man that his wife and children could
truly say of him, "He never brought a
frown or unhappiness across his threshold."

"The Noblest Art of all the fine arts,"
says Sir James Macintosh, "is the art of
forming a vigorous, healthy and beautiful
mind. It is a work of unwearied care,
which must be constantly retouched through
every period of life. But the toil becomes
every day more pleasant, and the success
more sure."

Let those who talk of conciliating
the South, read Jeff. Davis' Message. They
might march towards the South with olive
branches enough to be mistaken, like the
branches borne by the troops of Madouff,
for Burnam forest, and still they would be
met only by bullet and bayonet.—*Prentice.*

A child is never happy from having
his own way. Decide for him, and he has
but one thing to do; put him to please
himself, and he is troubled with everything,
and satisfied with nothing.

An honest dame standing by the
corpse of her husband, bewailing in piteous
tones his untimely departure, observed,
"It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as
good as ever they were."

The words of the widow of Helvetius
to Napoleon are worth remembering:—"You
cannot conceive how much happi-
ness can be found on three acres of land."

Thou canst not joke an enemy into
a friend; but thou mayest a friend into an
enemy.

Barbarity of the Guerrillas.
NO MORE CONCILIATION.
HEADQUARTERS, CENTRAL DIVISION OF
MISSOURI, JEFFERSON CITY, January 20.
Editors Missouri Democrat—Herewith
I enclose you for publication an official
communication just received from Colonel
Penick, 5th Cavalry, M. S. M., command-
ing at Independence, that the community
may understand and know the kind of
foe we have to contend with in Missouri,
and whether peace rules supreme within her
border.

How very pleasant the reflection that the
endurance of all the hardships imposed by
our rulers in their attempt to conciliate
traitors, upon the loyal inhabitants, that it
is a necessity, to enable them hereafter to
live in harmony with such demons as those
who have perpetrated these outrages. The
devils in hell, by comparison, would show
as bright angels of light by the side of such
men.

BEN. LOAN, Brig. Gen. M. S. M.
HEADQUARTERS FIFTH CAVALRY,
MISSOURI STATE MILITIA,
INDEPENDENCE, Mo., Jan. 11, 1863.

General—Private Johnson, of the artil-
lery company, was brought in dead to-day.
He is the fifth one murdered last week,
four from the artillery and one from the mil-
itia. If you could see their mangled bod-
ies, you would not wonder why it is that
I write you that guerrillas' wives should be
forced out of the country. They were all
wounded, and killed afterwards, in the most
horrible manner that fiends could devise;
all were shot in the head, and several of
their faces are terribly cut to pieces with
boot heels. Powder was exploded in one
man's ear, and both ears cut off close to
his head. Whether this inhuman act was
committed when he was alive or not, I have
no means of knowing. To see human be-
ings treated as my men have been, by out-
laws, is more than I can bear.

Ten of these men, armed as they are,
with their wives and children to act as
spies, are equal to twenty-five of mine—
Guerrillas are threatening Union women in
the country. I am arresting the wives and
sisters of some of the most notorious ones,
to prevent them from carrying their threats
into execution. They have also levied an
assessment upon the loyal men of the coun-
ty, and are collecting it very fast. There
are many complaints on the subject, as some
of those assessed claim to be Southern
sympathizers. Some of the Union men
have asked me if the order suspending your
assessment applies to the one spoken of
above. I tell them I do not know, to ask
J. Brown Hovy. Yours truly,

W. R. PENICK,
Colonel 5th Cavalry, M. S. M.
General Ben. Loan, Jefferson City, Mo.
A true copy.—H. W. SEVERENCE, Lieut.
and A. D. C.

Capture of Rebel Spies.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—This morning,
about three o'clock, the detectives of Col.
Baker succeeded in capturing Captain John
H. Boyd, of the rebel Gen. Stuart's staff.
He was at Upper Marlboro, Virginia, stop-
ping at the house of his mother. A con-
siderable amount of important correspon-
dence for the rebel authorities was found
concealed about his person. He has been
twice seen and recognized in Washington,
on previous visits to the capital. Under
the circumstances, according to the laws of
war, he is a spy, and will no doubt be ex-
ecuted as such.

Yesterday Capt. Charles Powell, also an
officer of Stuart's command, was caught in
citizen's dress within our lines, disguised
as a farmer. The proof of his being a spy
is complete and undeniable, and he will
probably be hung.

REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.—The follow-
ing remedy for that dreadful scourge of
the family circle, Diphtheria, has been fur-
nished to us by one who has frequently
tried its virtues and never knew it to fail.
We trust that our cotemporaries will give
this remedy a wide circulation:

"Make two small bags that will reach
from ear to ear, and fill them with ashes
and salt; dip them in hot water, and wring
them out so they will not drip, and apply
them to the throat; cover up the whole
with a flannel cloth, and change them as
often as they become cool, until the throat
becomes irritated, never blistering. For
children, it is necessary to put flannel cloths
between the ashes and the throat to prevent
blistering. When the ashes have become
a sufficient time, take a wet flannel cloth
and rub it with castile soap until it is cov-
ered with a thick lather; dip it in hot water,
and apply it to the throat, and change as
they cool; at the same time use a gargle
made of one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper,
one of salt, one of molasses, in a teaspoonful
of hot water, and when cool, add one-fourth
as much cider-vinegar, and gargle every
fifteen minutes until the patient requires
sleep. A gargle made of castile soap is
good to be used part of this time."

THE INVENTOR OF INK.—The Chinese
think that the inventor of ink was one of
the greatest men that ever lived; that he
enjoys a blessed immortality, and is charg-
ed with keeping an account of the manner
in which all ink is used here below, and
for every abuse of it he records a black mark
against the offender.

BE HUMBLE.—"The dew and rich
showers of 'His grace,'" says Leighton,
"slide off the mountains of pride, and fall
on the low valleys of humble hearts; and
make them pleasant and fertile."

General Breckinridge had one of
his ears taken off at the battle of Murfrees-
boro. It should be preserved in some
place. The General is marked just as common
thieves are in Eastern countries.

The Capture of Arkansas Post.

A correspondent thus writes up the results of the victory at Arkansas Post:

"We took, in all, seven thousand eight hundred and thirty prisoners, with all of the company and regimental officers of nine regiments; also, Major General Churchill and Acting Brigadier General Garland, of Virginia. We captured more guns than prisoners, a large lot being picked up in boxes inside of the fort. They were a superior arm of English manufacture, similar to our Springfield rifled musket, with the Maynard primer.

"We recaptured all the ammunition recently lost off the supply steamer Blue Wing, with large quantities of pork and corn meal, fifteen hundred horses and mules, and two hundred wagons, many of which had been captured from the United States.

"Our loss was estimated at six hundred killed and wounded. The prisoners were miserably clothed, without overcoats, and with but few shoes. It is a coincidence worthy of mention, that the 16th Indiana surrendered to Gen. Churchill at Richmond, Kentucky, in August last, for gallantry at which place Jeff. Davis promoted him to a Major General; and now the 16th have had the gratification of witnessing his surrender, with his entire command, at which they cheered lustily."

"Five Union men from the town of Wintburg, says the Nashville Union, were shot at Little Rock a short time since, by order of General Hindman. A man named Webb, sixty years of age, was hung near Glaze Bridge for being a Union man. His body hung three days before it was taken down.

"The New York Assembly finally succeeded in electing a speaker on Monday. Mr. Calliope, (Union Democrat), the candidate of the Republicans, was elected. This defeats the scheme of the Democrats to prevent the election of a U. S. Senator by the present Legislature.

"The Common Council of New York city have adopted a resolution tendering the hospitalities of the city to Fitz John Porter. It seems to be a great gratification with the Breckinridge Democracy, since his conviction of the charges of disloyalty made against him.

"In the Indiana Legislature, last week, a resolution was offered ordering an investigation into the secret political societies alleged to exist in Indiana. Every Democrat in the House voted against the resolution.

"The business of the Legislature for this winter is yet principally in the hands of the committees. The committee rooms are where legislation is influenced.

Married.

At the Hygienic Institute, Geneva, New York, on the 7th ult., by Rev. Dr. Watson, of Milton, Penna., HENRY W. WATSON, Esq., of Philadelphia, and MARY MONTGOMERY, both of Philadelphia.

On the 27th ult., at Petersburg, by Rev. P. Raby, Mr. EMANUEL BROUGH, of Maryland township, to Mrs. CATHERINE HUNTER, of Petersburg, Pa.

On the 27th ult., by Rev. Dr. Hauer, Mr. WILLIAM RABER, to Miss CATHERINE HOKER, both of York county.

On the 28th ult., by the same, Mr. PETER STAUFFER, to Miss MARY SPANGLER, both of York county.

On the 22nd ult., by Rev. A. Erick, Mr. DANIEL HOFFMAN, to Miss MARY ANN BECKER, both of Adams county.

Died.

On the 29th ult., in Fairfield, Mr. ROBERT STEINSON, aged about 80 years.

On Friday last, after a long illness, Mr. HENRY WANTZ, of this Borough, formerly of Baltimore, aged about 51 years.

In Fairfield township, on the 24th ult., MARY STARNER, only daughter of Nicholas Starnor, deceased, aged 13 years 2 months and 21 days.

In Mendon township on the 24th ult., ELIZA J. ELLIOTT, daughter of Henry and Eliza Eppelman, aged 2 years 9 months and 25 days.

On the 28th ult., JOHN C. infant son of Ephraim and Martha Schriver, of Straban township.

On the 4th ult., THOMAS ELLMER, son of George and Melissa Bowers, of Tyrone township, aged 9 months.

On the 26th ult., of diphtheria, HESTER ANN, only daughter of George and Catherine Waybright, of Cumberland township, aged 17 years 10 months and 11 days.

S. M. PETERSON & CO.,
707 Park Row, New York, and 6 State St., Boston, are our agents for the SENTINEL. In these cities, and are authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions for us at our lowest rates.

An Apprentice

To the Printing business, is wanted immediately at this Office.

The Markets.

GETTYSBURG—MONDAY LAST.

Superfine Flour	\$6 00 to 6 50
Red Wheat	1 35 to 1 37
White Wheat	1 35 to 1 45
Corn, old yellow	75 00
Rye	75 00
Kye Flour	4 00
Duckweed	60 00
Blackhead Meal	2 50
Clover Seed	6 25 to 6 00
Timothy Seed	1 75 to 2 00
Flax Seed	1 75 to 2 00
Barley	55 00
Oats	55 00
Plaster of Paris, per ton	8 00
do. per bag	1 00
Guano per hundred	1 25 to 1 50
Pork	10 00

BALTIMORE—MONDAY LAST.

Flour	\$6 75 to 7 00
Wheat	1 90 to 2 00
Rye	55 00 to 56 00
Corn	80 00 to 85 00
Oats	75 00 to 76 00
Cliversed	6 00 to 6 10
Timothy Seed	2 00 to 2 10
Flax Seed	2 00 to 2 10
Barley	55 00 to 56 00
Oats	55 00 to 56 00
Plaster of Paris, per ton	8 00
do. per bag	1 00
Guano per hundred	1 25 to 1 50
Pork	10 00

HANOVER—MONDAY LAST.

Flour per bushel	\$6 25
Wheat	1 35 to 1 40
Rye	75 00 to 80 00
Corn	75 00 to 80 00
Oats	55 00 to 56 00
Cliversed	6 00 to 6 10
Timothy Seed	2 00 to 2 10
Flax Seed	2 00 to 2 10
Barley	55 00 to 56 00
Oats	55 00 to 56 00
Plaster of Paris, per ton	8 00
do. per bag	1 00
Guano per hundred	1 25 to 1 50
Pork	10 00

Public Sale.

DAVID HENRY, residing two miles North of Gettysburg, will offer at Public Sale, his entire real property, consisting of FARMING UTENSILS, including all his HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, except Bedding, together with a lot of CARPENTER'S TOOLS, &c., on the 23rd day of February, inst. For further particulars see handbills. [Feb. 3.—4d.]

OUR RATES.

While the publishers of newspapers in all the towns and cities around us are turning the rates of their subscription, advertising and job work, the Printer in this place has determined not to take the rates of their subscription, but in consequence of the heavy advance in the price of paper and all printing materials, we are compelled to raise slightly on a few of our advertisements. The items are of such a character and the advance upon them so small, that our patrons will scarcely feel it, whilst it may materially aid us in carrying sail through the crisis.

OUR PRICES:

1 square, 3 insertions	\$1 25
For every additional insertion	25
Advertisements containing more than one square, \$1 00 per square for three months	2 00
Estate Notices	1 50
Auditor's Notices	1 50
Prothonotary's Notices	1 50
Ordinary Notices, 10 cents per line	1 50
Obituary Notices, 5 cents per line, over 1 line	1 50
Each additional notice	25
Blank—\$1 50 for first quire—\$1 25 for each additional quire	25
Handbills and Subscriptions at old rates	25

The above rates have been adopted by all the editors in this place and will be strictly adhered to.

New Jersey Lands for Sale.

GARDEN OR FRUIT FARMS.

CITABLE TO GARDEN, Peach, Pear, Apple, Cherry, Strawberry, Currants, &c., of 1, 2, 3, 10 or 20 acres each, at the following prices for the present, viz. 20 acres for \$200, 10 acres for \$110, 5 acres for \$60, 2 1/2 acres for \$40, 1 acre for \$20. Payable by one dollar a week.

Also, good Cherry lands, and village lots in CHESTERWOOD, 25 by 100 feet, at \$10 each, payable by one dollar a week. The above land and farms are situated at Chesterwood, Washington Township, Burlington County, New Jersey. For further information, apply with a P. O. Stamp, for a circular, to

FRANKLIN CLARK,
No. 90 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.

To Nervous Sufferers of Both Sexes.

REVEREND Gentlemen having been restored to health in a few days, after undergoing all the usual routine and irregular expensive modes of treatment, without success, his afflicted patients desire to communicate to his afflicted patients the means of cure. Hence, on the receipt of an addressed envelope, he will send (free) a copy of the prescription used. Direct to Dr. JOHN M. DAGGELL, 186 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Jan. 2d.

Register's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legatees and other persons concerned, that the Administration Accounts heretofore mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams county, for confirmation and allowance, on Tuesday the 24th day of FEBRUARY, 1863, at 10 o'clock, A. M. to wit:

180. The account of Jonathan Breckenridge, of Jeremiah Naylor, minor son of George Naylor, deceased, late of Huntington township.

181. The account of George T. Baro and Benjamin Leach, Administrators of the estate of Wm. D. Gubrecht, late of Franklin township, deceased.

182. The first and final account of John Ward, of the estate of Henry Staumbaugh, deceased, one of the minor children of Henry Staumbaugh, deceased.

183. The second and final account of Joseph Pink, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Best, deceased.

184. The first and final account of David L. Leroy, Administrator of the estate of David L. Leroy, deceased.

185. The final account of Frederick Diehl, Executor of the will of James Black, Sen., deceased.

186. The first and final account of Elias Bushey, Executor of the estate of Isaac Gardner, deceased.

187. The second account of Joel B. Danner and Wm. L. McKee, Executors of the last will and testament of William Landon, deceased.

C. X. MARTIN, Registrar.
Jan. 27, 1863.

Register's Office, Gettysburg, Pa.

Register's Office, Gettysburg, Pa.

Register's Office, Gettysburg, Pa.

Register's Office, Gettysburg, Pa.

Register's Office, Gettysburg, Pa.

Register's Office, Gettysburg, Pa.

Register's Office, Gettysburg, Pa.

Register's Office, Gettysburg, Pa.

Register's Office, Gettysburg, Pa.

Register's Office, Gettysburg, Pa.

Register's Office, Gettysburg, Pa.

Receipts and Expenditures

OF ADAMS COUNTY FOR 1862.

COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE, ADAMS CO., Pa.

GREETING to an act of Assembly, entitled

An Act, to raise County Rates and Levies,

requiring the Commissioners of the respective

Counties to publish a statement of receipts and

expenditures yearly: We the Commissioners

of Adams county, report as follows, to wit:

From the eighth day of January 1862, to the

tenth day of January 1863, both days inclusive.

I. B. Danner, Esq., Treasurer and the Com-

missioners in account with the County of Adams, as follows:

DR.

To cash in hands of former Treasurer

at last settlement, 234 69

Outstanding County Taxes and Quit

Rents in hands of Collector, 18,839 37

County Rates and Levies assessed for 1862:

Borough of Gettysburg, \$1,322 17

Borough of Middletown, 175 04

Cumberland Township, 1,213 78

Germany, 981 41

Oxford, 1,054 81

Huntington, 1,149 25

Lattimore, 773 03

Hammonton, 1,104 80

Franklin, 693 83

Straban, 1,254 00

Middletown, 906 42

Mount Pleasant, 1,290 01

Moutony, 915 88

Reading, 1,108 91

Lattimore, 945 77

Conowingo, 869 30

Butler, 1,194 82

Union, 881 95

Freedom, 740 04

Tyrone, 398 08

Berwick Borough, 222 44

Loans from Bank & Sundry persons, 21,830 50

Abatement on State Quota, 7,988 82

Cash from Samuel Wolf, Sheriff, 29 44

Cash from H. J. Myers, Esq., dona-

tion of witness fees in the contest-

ed election of John Bushey, 197 22

Cash from Michael Dillone, & oth-

ers, donation towards the erection

of Berlin Bridge, 250 00

Cash from D. Ziegler, Sr., Adm'r. of

Waybright Ziegler, in part on acct.,

500 00

Cash from V. & J. Warner, in full on

Judgment, 87 00

Cash from H. G. Carr, in part on

Judgment, 107 00

Cash from Amos Plank, Adm'r. of

Riddlemeyer's Estate, 11 88

Cash from sundry persons, costs & fine

Additional Tax for sundry persons for

1862, 12 36

Exonerated Tax, 6 22

Quit Rents, omitted in former account, 175 04

\$32,158 44

The Outstanding County Tax and Quit

Rents, to wit:

Tyrone, Collector, 8 58

1864, John E. Helker, Huntington, 8 53

1865, Samuel Sadler, Tyrone, 8 73

1866, H. G. Carr, Gettysburg, 12 12

Quit Rents, 175 04

Jacob Pittenbarger, Tyrone, 15 52

1868, E. W. Stahle, Franklin, 228 66

Jacob Ca-hman, Mount Pleasant, 304 33

1869, Emanuel Ziegler, Gettysburg, 41 18

Quit Rents, 175 04

Phineas Warden, Mount Pleasant, 26 70

Wm. Slifer, Union, 24 25

1860, R. D. Armer, Gettysburg, 24 25

Quit Rents, 73 50

John G. Byers, Germany, 180 53

Wm. Overleed, Mount Pleasant, 280 05

Samuel Sadler, Tyrone, 153 35

Emanuel Ziegler, Reading, 81 22

Austin Wister, Butler, 151 87

1861, J. L. Holzworth, Gettysburg, 275 08

Quit Rents, 175 04

Hamilton Myers, Huntington, 201 03

J. H. Baumgardner, Hammonton, 183 78

L. Drough, Middletown, 79 00

Joseph Robert, Franklin, 321 21

David Hoffman, Tyrone, 207 87

James H. Collins, Moutony, 60 25

Geo. Baker, Reading, 132 14

Samuel Harris, Butler, 471 44

Joseph Kepner, Berwick Borough, 7 74

1862, H. D. Weller, Gettysburg, 222 17

Quit Rents, 175 04

Henry Chitz, Cumberland, 73 04

Geo. Rheely, Germany, 656 00

John Haines, Oxford, 117 84

David W. Miller, Huntington, 856 50

Jacob Stiller, Lattimore, 101 03

Robert McLeaf, Hammonton, 181 08

P. A. Jones, Liberty, 96 85

Wesley R. Lott, Franklin, 765 16

Geo. Thomas, Straban, 588 87

Thomas Blocher, Middletown, 261 42

H. J. Hensler, Mount Pleasant, 568 82

Henry Beiler, Moutony, 359 97

Thomas N. Dicks, Reading, 310 91

Thent W. Starnor, Huntington, 496 77

Nathaniel Gitt, Conowingo, 376 04

Jacob B. Lease, Butler, 451 46

Jesse R. Wentz, Union, 421 60

Solomon Baker, Freedom, 97 77

Jonas Sterner, Tyrone, 505 94

Samuel Brown, Berwick twp., 111 08

\$13,867 93

These marked "paid in full."

Those marked "paid in part."

By orders paid out as follows:

By auditing a settling public account,

J. C. Neely, Esq., Auditor appointed by

the Court to audit public accts., 42 00

Printing Bills, &c., 1 00

Sheriff's bills of Court costs, 871 60

Clerk's pay, 200 00

Attorney to collectors of 5 per cent, 1,471 88

Fox and wild cat traps, 20 25

General jury and stip staves' pay, 1,204 93

Assessor's pay, 649 00

Jailor's fees for keeping prisoners and

turnkey, 249 97

Wood, stone coal, hauling, &c., for

public buildings, 341 19

Repairs at public buildings, 47 67

Grand jury and stip staves' pay, 309 60

Prothonotary, Register and Clerk of

sessions fees, 120 55

Tax refunded to sundry persons, 5 26

Court Order's pay, 115 00

Certificates of Constables' returns, 85 90

Council fees, 50 00

Fees of Adams Honora, 7,900 00

Postage and Stationery for offices, 101 80

Notes and interest paid Bank and Sun-

dry persons, 2,268 78

Quit Rents paid Marcus Samson,

Wm. B. McClellan, Esq., District At-

torney's fees, 1 00

Wm. A. Demco, Esq., District Attor-

ney's fees, 75 00

Jas. H. Marshall, Commissioner's pay,

Wm. B. Garrison, 102 00

Ephraim Myers, 186 50

Keeping prisoners at E. State Peniten-

tiary, 24 08

Samuel Wolf, Sheriff conveying pri-

soners to the House of Refuge, 218 32

Justices' and Constables' fees for com-

mitting vagrants, 24 94

Justices' fees for inquisitions, 122 68

Rail Road Company for freight, 16 26

Haulware for public buildings, 101 09

James McSherry, for painting Conow-

ing Bridge, 25 00

Bedding and clothing for prison, 45 96

Medicament and food on prisoners, 17 50

Telegraph Company, 25 00

Gas Company, 25 00

Adams County Agricultural Society, 200 00

J. D. Boas, Sheriff, of Dauphin County,

conveying prisoners from Harris-

burg to Gettysburg, 17 44

Shoe and Leather, 2 stores and

pipe for Court Room, 45 68

Planking two cells at Jail, including

material & labor, 157 45

